left my cell it became a part of the mail of the person to whom it is addressed. Do you think that the Governor General will recognize your right to check his mail?"

Two days passed. I was sleeping soundly when the door of my cell opened. The assistant superintendent said sweetly, "How do you do, Mr. Woytinsky? Sorry to disturb you at night, but you must go home."

The prison was some three miles from the city, on a road that was passable only in dry weather and in autumn was knee-deep in mud. I was not eager to wade through it in the middle of the night and said that I would rather leave in the morning. The officer left but soon came back.

"Very, very sorry, Mr. Woytinsky, but the order is not to detain you a minute longer. You must leave right away." As a privilege, I was permitted to wait till dawn in the hall for visitors.

When I went to thank the Governor General for intervening, he said with a smile, "As a judge, I have seldom come across a case as clear as this—a criminal conspiracy originated by the gendarmes. They persuaded the prison inspector and police that they could get you without a regular judicial procedure. Then the three officials sat together as a police court—which they were not—and wrote the sentence." He added, "The gendarmes brought your pamphlet and other articles here. I would not say that I agreed with you but, as long as I am Governor General, there will be no twisting of the law here, either because of a personal grudge or for any other considerations."

Such were the contradictions of the administrative and judiciary systems in Tsarist Russia! These included manifestations of barbarism and lawlessness but, in contrast to the system that developed later, left even political exiles in Siberia some freedom and civil rights.

THE WAR COMES TO SIBERIA

The war that had seemed so remote from Siberia was coming closer. Russian armies were falling back with tremendous losses. It became more and more obvious that Tsarist Russia was unable to wage a major war. The Ministry of War was headed by an incompetent and frustrated courtier; the High Command over all the armed forces was in the hands of the uncle of the Tsar, Grand Duke Nicholas, an arrogant disciplinarian who was abysmally ignorant of military affairs and had no interest in the lives and welfare of the soldiers. The army, held in obedience by a regime of iron discipline, was beginning to crack under the strain. Its weakest point was the enlisted men's distrust of their officers. The reverses had made the soldiers particularly